

SPAIN NEUTRAL FOR THE FIRST TIME

At Peace in the Midst of War for the First Time in 2,000 Years, She Has the Golden Chance to Repair Some of the Terrible Ravages of Her Disastrous Career as a Conquering, Military Power—A Warning to the Warring Empires Today from This Grave of Empires.

By JAMES MORGAN.

In his series of stories of the neutral powers in the war, Mr. Morgan today sketches Spain, exhausted by 2,000 years of warfare, a neglected quantity in the mighty struggle which now convulses her neighbors, and draws a lesson from the downfall of a once great empire.

If the warring empires of Europe would only make a little excursion into neutral Spain and go up into the belfry of the Giralda Tower at Seville, they could see at a glance whether the path of war and empire ever leads. Their imperial majesties of Germany, Austria, Russia, and Britain would not find it hard to climb. Indeed, they would not need to dismount from their war horses, but could ride them in ease along the smooth, concreted roadway which winds its upward way within the beautiful and lofty tower. And at the top they would behold the most sadly impressive view in the world of the folly of warfare and of military conquest.

The Giralda itself is the common tombstone of three martial empires that fell by the sword. For the conquering Moors erected it to Allah 700 years ago, partly from material that they had gathered among the ruined temples which the conquering Romans had raised to their gods 1,000 years before, and next the conquering Spaniards hurled down the crescent to make place for the cross.

From the gallery that encircles the tower I have looked out over the sun baked plain and seen, only five miles away, the ruins of a city built by the Romans more than 2,000 years ago, and within those now leveled walls three great empires of Rome were born. Beneath me, by the curving banks of the Guadalquivir, rose the Tower of Gold, where the galleons of Spain dumped upon the shore the glittering wealth of Mexico and Peru. Directly below me was the vast, somber Cathedral of Seville, which holds the dust of Columbus. And dust is the empire he gave to Castile and Leon.

The very people I saw gravely sauntering in the old lanes that twist about the foot of the Giralda seemed but the stubborn, unslaid ghosts of the Spain of 1552. I could easily fancy that with their cloaks and their mantillas—they had wrapped themselves in the dead past, when the Spaniards were the Princes of the land and the Briton of the sea and ruled an empire wider than any today. For Spain is not decadent. She is simply petrified.

The Spaniard.

"Africa begins at the Pyrenees," said Dumas. But a visitor from the New World makes the discovery that the Orient begins at the Pillars of Hercules. The shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, with their crumbling Moorish castles and watch towers, are hardly less Oriental in their aspect than the Asiatic borders of the Mediterranean, 1,500 miles to the east.

And the Spanish nature is like those straits. There you see the waters of the west rushing into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. But far below the surface the current from the east flows unseen.

Spain is neither western nor eastern, northern nor southern, neither in Europe nor in Asia. She belongs to all and none, and is entirely Spanish. Europe is on her tongue, but Asia dreams in her soul and Africa shines in her eyes. Darker skinned than any of her European cousins, you may find a closer family resemblance to her by crossing over into Morocco and going among the Berbers, those majestic barbarians of White Africa.

A people always tell their secrets in the stones they set up and in the earth they tread. They do not confide them so freely to their books and their newspapers. And you may read the story of Spain in her architecture and her landscape.

The bare Spanish countryside is unlike any other in Europe. Its drear, unsmiling mood haunts the traveler and tinges his thoughts with a somber longing for something, but he hardly knows what. I only discovered what this was when I came to Granada and saw the rows of noble elms on the hill of the Alhambra. These cupped the mysterious want. But they are not Spanish. On the contrary, they are English, having been planted by Wellington's army in the Peninsular campaign.

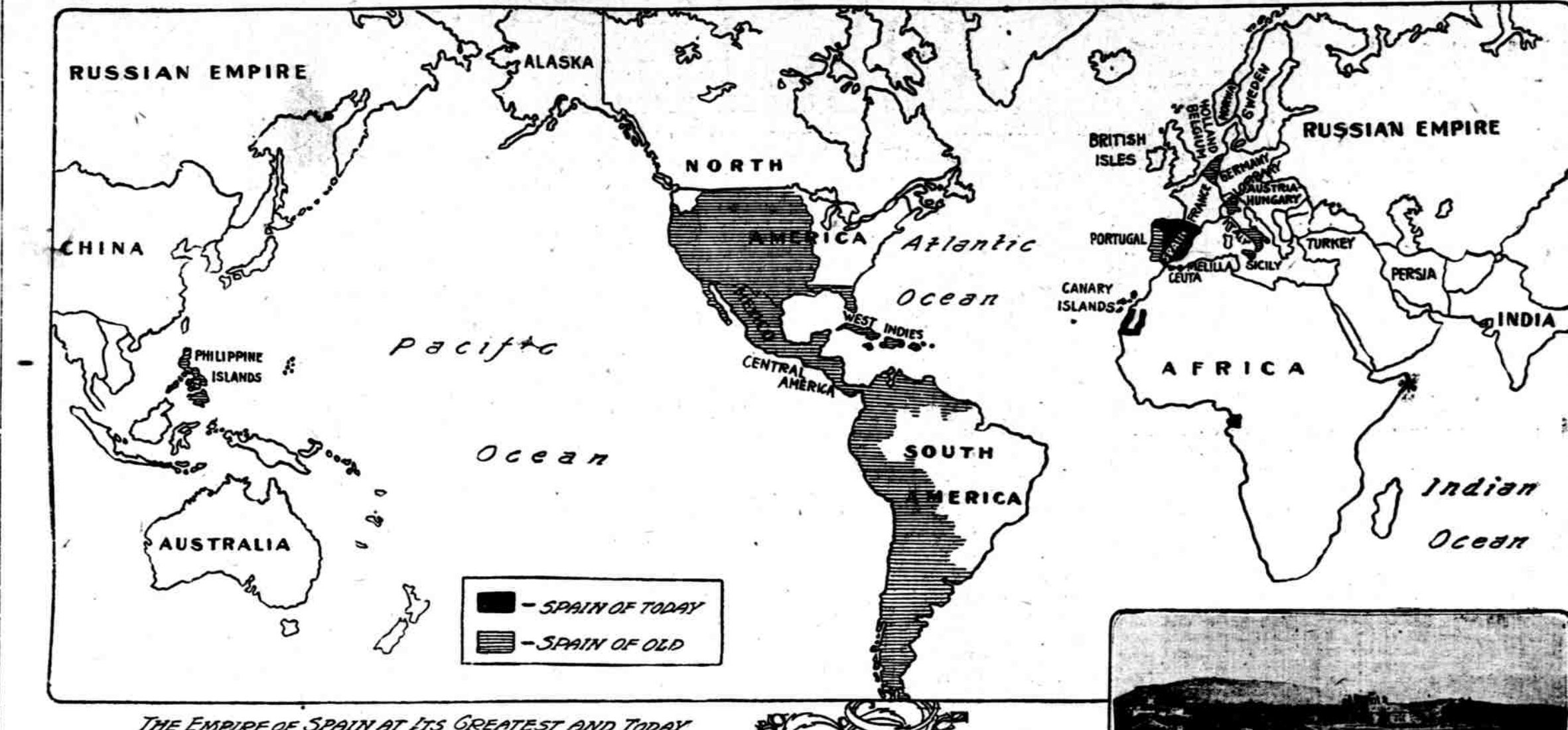
For the Spaniard, particularly in the south, is an Arab in his indifference to shade trees. You may see his hacienda covered with an immense olive or orange orchard, but with never a tree in his doorway to shelter him from the fierce rays of the burnished sun. His umbrella serves him instead, and you may see him holding it over his head as he logs along on the back of his pony. Nor do the town-dwelling Spaniards of Andalusia line their streets with trees as their French neighbors do, but often cover them with an awning which stretches over them from side to side and from end to end.

The architecture of Southern Spain is of the same blend as the people. The great, sprawling Cathedral of Cordova is the best among hundreds of examples of that strange composite which every Spaniard is. There the walls of a Moorish mosque rise on the ruins of a Roman temple of Janus and above it gleams the cross of Christian Spain. Inside, amid a bewildering forest of Moorish columns and long vistas of horseshoe arches, the Christians have built their church. And devotees of the saints kneel on the very pavement hallowed by the knees of the followers of the Prophet as they saluted to Mecca.

After the manner of that old church in Cordova, the civilization is piled upon another in the character of the Spaniard and he remains a part of all he has met. If his fandangos are African, his castanets are Greek. The delightful manana with which he postpones everything till tomorrow is a thoroughly Oriental trait. It is not a symptom of his decadence. For his manana was already proverbial when he kept a subject world waiting on him. Lord Bacon, 300 years ago and more, quoted this Italian saying: "Let my death come from Spain, for then it will be a long time coming."

The Gatekeeper.

The one thing above all that the Spaniard scores is a work of neces-



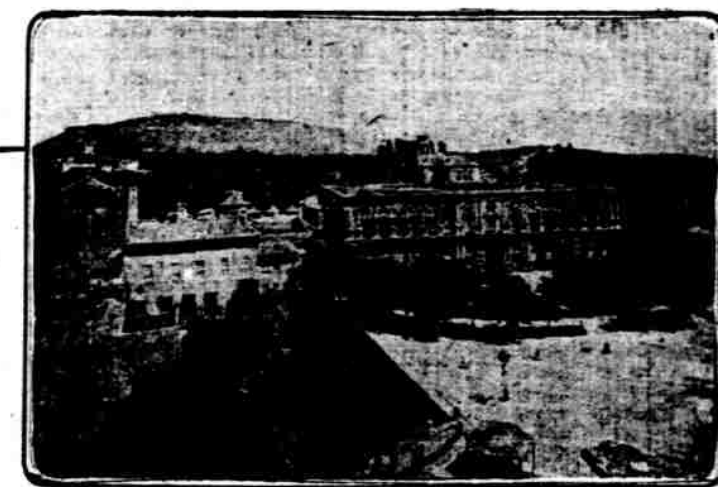
THE EMPIRE OF SPAIN AT ITS GREATEST AND TODAY



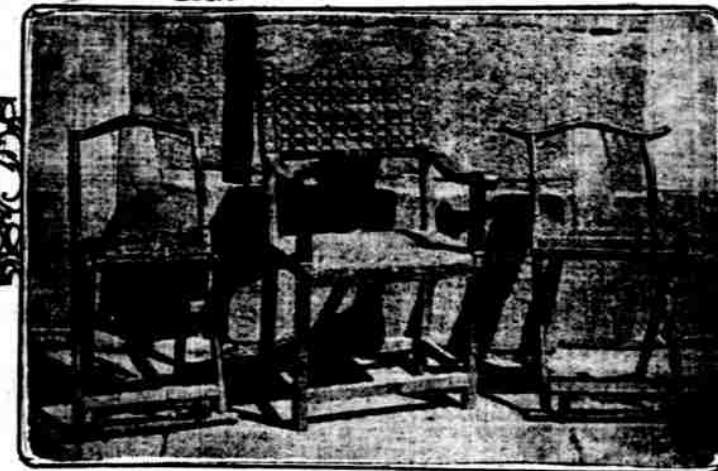
THE GIRALDA TOWER AT SEVILLE, THE JOMBSTONE OF EMPIRES



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID



THE PALACE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH, IN THE ALHAMBRA



THE CHAIR OF PHILIP THE SECOND FROM WHICH HE RULED THE GREAT EMPIRE OF SPAIN

sity. He fights hard and dances hard, but his soul revolts against sordid toil. Like the Bradshe he would make an elegant Turk, for he hates work, and is fond of tobacco and the ladies. And was it not a strange prank of fate when the last round of the fight between the Spaniards and the Moors was fought in the lowlands and accepted the latest intruders as they had accepted the Goths, the Romans, the Carthaginians and Phoenicians.

Moorish Spain.

For 700 years the Crescent was fastened to the gateway of the Mediterranean. All the while Spain dwelt in the Orient, beyond the borders of Christendom. The nations of the north paused in their wanderings, and Charlemagne gathered the Gothic tribes into his empire and into the fold of the cross. But the wide Carthaginian realm stopped at the Pyrenees.

The Dark Ages reared like night upon the Christian world. But it was noon in Spain, and she was ablaze with light. The dreams of the East turned to reality in the beauty of the Alhambra, and the land was gemmed with Saracenic castles and palaces and mosques.

Great cities sprang up, and Cordova, outstanding even Damascus, became the most brilliant capital in the world. Cordova's glory departed long ago and where does her existence seem more inconceivable now than when you wander in the dull little town that languishes on the site of that one time metropolis, which counted 500,000 inhabitants in the year 900. Then she was the fountain of learning and science and Christian Europe came to her for instruction in everything from tanning leather to charting the stars.

The Expulsion of the Moors.

Meanwhile the evicted Goths in the wild mountains of the north were hardening themselves for the recapture of Moorish Spain. Slowly, painfully through the centuries the four little Christian kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Navarre and Aragon edged their way out of the wilderness down the slopes of the Pyrenees, rolling back the boundary of the Moors, who had themselves fallen apart into jealous sovereignties.

The sword of the Old cut the southward path for the new. The Kingdom of Castile, plucked the Moorish outpost of Madrid, and the Castilian capital moved down from Burgos to Toledo. The advance to Cordova and Seville was only a little journey of 300 years more. Soon Granada alone upheld the crescent.

When Castile and Aragon were united at the wedding of Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada found herself invested, and the King and Queen sat down in their camp of stone at the gate of that one remaining fortress of the infidel. And in the very year that their Genoese messenger called out beyond the horizon to capture the New World, Granada surrendered, its vanquished defender, Boabdil, only turning in his flight to alight as he looked back upon the Alhambra.

A Hill of Signs.

But the Spaniard too well may sigh that Hill of the Last Sign of the Moor. For there he entered upon the weary path of empire which led

straight downward to the ruin of Spain.

The Pyrenees had spared Spain from extinction at the hands of the Northmen. But those mountains also had shut her in with the Moors and the Orient, and they shut out the progress of the North when all the rest of Europe came to life again in the Renaissance. In the sixteenth century she still was in the tenth.

An age after the cross had been firmly planted on the towers of other lands Spain still had to defend it against the crescent. Religion and patriotism had become one with her. And in the passion aroused by her long battle with the Moors she had no sooner conquered them than she turned upon the Jew and the Christian dissenter.

By banishment and death she sacrificed hundreds of thousands of her people just when she most needed men to people and subdue the hemisphere that Columbus brought her. Just when that giant task was laid upon her strength she opened her arteries and bled herself.

The Blight of the Hapsburgs.

A misfortune only second to that assailed her at the same critical moment when the blighting rule of the Hapsburgs fell upon her. Five years after the discovery of America the third child of Ferdinand and Isabella was married to a Hapsburg archduke. There were two older children between her and the throne of her parents. But within a year of her wedding her brother had died and she suddenly became the heiress to the crown. And in 1517 her 17-year-old son, Charles V, of Hapsburg, was King of Spain. At 19 he became the Holy Roman Emperor.

Thus the boy was the ruler not only of Spain and the two Americas, but also of Austria, Portugal, the Netherlands, Sicily and Naples, Lombardy and the overlord of all Germany. No sovereign on the European continent dared turn his head without permission of the Spanish Ambassador, and for his refractory behavior, Francis I of France was brought a captive to Madrid, after he had sent his famous message home, "All lost save honor."

In mere territorial area, that empire of Charles V measured 17,000,000 square miles, and was six times bigger than the dominions of Rome, twice as big of the realm of the Czar today, and a third larger than the present British empire. No wonder that Spain quailed last her head when she saw so vast a part of the earth suddenly brought beneath her scepter.

The inborn contempt of the Spaniard for trade and labor was confirmed, and he became a parasite on the back of humanity. Beggarly nobles had only to make a little excursion to America, whence they would return millionaires—the first American millionaires to astonish the Old World. Common soldiers came back and strutted the streets of Seville and Madrid with long trains of Indian slaves, and one of them gave away \$400,000 in alms on the occasion of his marriage in Barcelona. Another stood in his window at Madrid and threw out handfuls of silver coins, until he had emptied two barrels on the heads of the frenzied crowd. It is estimated that in the course of the first century of the Spanish exploitation of the New World 2,000 tons of gold and 4,000 tons of silver were unloaded at the foot of the

Tower of Gold in Seville.

Riding to a Fall.

Easy come, easy go. All that gold and silver slipped through the fingers of the Spaniard and Spanish coins were scarcer in Spain than in almost any other country of Europe. For the Spaniards disdained to keep shop and left business to foreigners, 40,000 of whom flocked to Madrid alone. They rushed in to be the merchants and bankers of Spain, and she imported her manufactures from other nations. While her riches thus were taking wings, she was drained of her men to fight the battles of the empire in every corner of Europe, and she had to empty her prisons to provide colonists for America.

When Charles wearied of his vain struggle to Spaniardize Europe, he retired to a cell in a monastery and thrust the burden of empire on the weaker shoulders of his son, Philip II. Although Spain under him beat back the Turk at Lepanto, she lost Holland and saw her grand Armada pound itself to pieces on the rocks of the Irish coast.

Thenceforth, the descent in the line of the Spanish Hapsburgs was rapid until a series of imbecile Kings terminated in a childless idiot. This last of the Hapsburgs on the throne was the fourth of the name, and that he was a childless idiot, was so accentuated in poor Charles II that he could hardly articulate or masticate, and his mentalities was barely equal to the task of reading.

Louis XIV of France took advantage of the feebleness of the miserable King to induce him to will his crown to the Bourbons, whereas the grand monarch boasted over that sordid transaction that "the Pyrenees have ceased to exist." But it was not until after two worlds had been ravaged for fifteen years by the resultant war of the Spanish succession that a half insane grandson of Louis XIV was securely seated on the throne at Madrid.

The Grave of Empires.

Spain is the grave of Empire, in which half a dozen dead empires are galled one upon another. Into that burning sepulchre the Bourbons now stepped. For though they still had the Spanish throne, its theft cost them in the end their French crowns and all their other crowns.

The Napoleonic empire was the next to stumble into the grave, when, in emulation of Louis XVI, Napoleon tried a Bourbon duc out of the Spaniard's crown and clapped it on the head of his brother Joseph. The patriotism of the Spaniards flamed up and for five years mobs of Spanish peasants withstood the master of the Kings of Europe.

Nelson had scornfully remarked a few years before, when he heard that Spain had given some of her warships to the French, "I take it for granted that these vessels are not manned by Spaniards, as that would be the surest way to lose them." But, however much the Spanish sailor may have despised the great admiral's scorn, the Spanish soldier quickly revived the memories of the day when the Spaniard was the foremost infantryman of Europe.

And today you may see in the Seville Cathedral the first Napoleonic eagle that ever was taken in battle. From that "blow of fate" on he him-

self called it, Napoleon never recovered, and when he diagnosed at St. Helena the mortal disease of his empire, he said, "The Spanish ulcer undid me."

But he had undone the Spanish Empire. When he seized the government of France, Spain held dominion over 8,000,000 square miles in the New World and the United States comprised only 600,000 square miles. First he capoled the immense territory of Louisiana from the Spanish crown and then was compelled by the exigency of war to drop it at the feet of Uncle Sam. Next the Spanish revolution, which he precipitated by snatching the crown of Spain, spread to the colonies and ended in their independence of the mother country. Thus, in his own fall, Napoleon had dragged down the Spanish empire.

Only a foothold remained for Spain in the New World and she lost even that in the American war of 1898. Then she claimed the last treasure that the Western hemisphere held for her—the bones of Columbus. These she had removed from Haiti when the French captured that territory, but now she had not six feet of her American empire left and she sadly took them home.

Spain and This War.

As an imperial and military power, Spain is dead as Columbus. She can infer how dead she is by the indifference now of the warring empires to her alliance or her opinion. With prodigious generosity, a German newspaper, the Cologne Gazette, has offered her Tangier and Gibraltar in return for coming to the aid of the Teutonic allies. But while the politicians are scrambling for the assistance of every Balkan state, and begging even a smile from Columbia, they give never a thought to the fallen Colossus of the south.

Spain is left undisturbed in her neutrality, a neglected factor in the mighty struggle of the nations that once acknowledged her supremacy. Behind its neutral character, the government, under the influence of the English Queen, Victoria, and the liberal ministry that is in power, is supposed to be sympathetic with the Entente. The Carlists and the reactionaries, on the other hand, are loudly pro-German.

But for once the Carlist pretender to the throne is in agreement with the government. Although Don Jaime had his residence in Austria he manifested his anti-Teutonic sentiments by joining in the Red Cross work for the army of the French republic. When the Austrian government issued a decree of banishment against him, and his pro-German followers in Spain banished him from their loyalty.

Castles in Spain.

Being out of the armed strife, the Spanish partisans of the two sides in the war are shelling one another from the trenches of the press and the graphophone war novels from the Zepplins of their imagination. One of them fancies a congress of peace assembled at Madrid; the Kaiser sent to St. Helena, and Spain and Portugal forming an Iberian republic. Another novelist retorted by giving the victory to Germany and imagining George V of England in a mad flight to the rock of Gibraltar. Still another has brought out a novel which foretells a peace made at Washing-

ton, in which the Spaniards receive their choice of the spoils, and the flattering title of his novel is "Spain a Great Power."

The title at least may prove to be no dream, for neutral Spain may come out of this war a conqueror. Did she not emerge victorious even from her defeat in the Spanish-American war? When the wound of that conflict healed she found that Uncle Sam had only performed upon her a long-needed surgical operation, and that she was stronger than before she went under the knife. Her colonialism from its inception had been an exhausting disease.

I told last week of the Dutch who had turned their curses into blessings. Today I have told a story of a nation whose blessings turned to curses. And United States lifted from Spain the weight of the last of those afflictions when it relieved her of Cuba and the Philippines. The Barcelona mob that furiously stoned the statue of Columbus at that time was not wholly bereft of reason.

For Spain has more to show for the seventeen years that have passed since she lost the last of her colonies than she has to show for the riotous century that followed. Columbus discovered. Her manufactures and her agriculture have taken a fresh start and her commerce is reviving.

Old Spain and New.

Old Spain still reigns at Madrid, and saunters beneath the awnings of Seville. But on either side of these, along the shores of the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, a new Spain is rising.

The Catalonian city of Barcelona, with a population of half a million, is American in its hustle and Parisian in its brilliance, and the most forward port on the entire coast of the Mediterranean. And the Basque city of Bilbao, on the Atlantic, is flourishing like a boom town in the New World.

The peoples of these two coasts are far removed in spirit from the ossified heart of Old Spain. They feel the vivifying touch of the modern world, and instead of sitting down to thrum their Spanish guitars, they turn on the graphophone and keep step to the music of the new day.

The Catalans who built Barcelona are a shrewd and most businesslike race. They are not only the merchants of Spain, but of much of Spanish America as well.

Most of the inhabitants of the Atlantic coast, particularly in Galicia, are a frugal, laborious people. The Gallegos were among the most tireless diggers that the American engineers enlisted for the construction of the Panama Canal.

Once these hard-fisted toilers got a chance the hard-headed Catalans were permitted to keep books for their own government, the nation would speedily be reconstructed. Not the sixteenth century politicians who scuffle about the Bourbon throne, but these moderns can make a reality of the novelist's vision of "Spain a Great Power."

After all, Spain may win the war by keeping out of it. At any rate, it is her first, golden chance to reap the victories of peace, for never before in 2,000 years has she escaped a great war.

(Copyright, 1915, by James Morgan.)